The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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From the Whig Review for May.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

Rash as the loves of youth, sweet flower,
Is this thine early blossoming;
The fickle sunshine of an hour
Awoke to life thine inmost power,
And thou hast given thy spirit's dower
Unto a false and fickle Spring!

The snows have melted from thy side,—
The breezes woo thee, summer-like;
'Twixt budding boughs soft sunbeams glide.
And while they coy delay they chide,
In garments white and purple dyed,
Thou stealest forth with glance oblique.

To-morrow—ah! to-morrow's breeze
Hath winter in its frosty breath!
Thou that wast won on bended knees,—
Cold snow-flakes now around thee freeze,
And North winds, moaning through the trees,
Chant o'er thee the low dirge of death.

CURE FOR JEALOUSY.—The affair of Bruce, who was murdered, and found by the aid of a clairvoyant, according to the accounts, induced a young married man, who was on a visit to the city, to call on one of these seers and ascertain in what occupation his wife was engaged at her residence some ninety miles away.

"She is sitting in the parlor," said the lady, "and every once in a while she looks out of the window as if expecting some one."

"Strange," said the gentleman, "who can she expect?"

"Some one entering the door; she seizes him and caresses him fondly."

"It can't be; it is all a hoax; my wife is true to me," interrupted the gentleman, nettled and worried by the green-eyed monster.

"Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes."

"I swear that it is false, and I'll make you pay dear for this slander."

"Now he wags his tail," continued the sleeper, and as this explained the story, he vemosed, and resolved never again to be inquisitive in regard to his wife's doings.

—*Bos. Gazette.*

WOMAN'S POWER.—It is related of a certain New England Divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in Luke xiv., in which occurs this passage—"and another said, I have bought five yoke, of oxen and I go to prove them, I pray thee have me excused; and another said, I have married me a wife, and therefore *cannot* come."—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking round on his hearers said with emphasis, "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen."

A POSER. A young urchin in a Scottish school, whilst cyphering on his own slate, put the following poser to his teacher: "Where dis a'figures gang tae fin they're rubbit oot?"

TO RENEW OLD BREAD OR CAKE.—Fill a bread steamer about half full of water, and lay the dry bread on it, and set it on the fire where it will steam the bread from half to three-quarters of an hour; then wrap the bread in a towel, and let it remain till dry.—In this way, bread that is old and dry may be made moist and good. Where a steamer cannot be procured, soak the bread in cold water till it has absorbed sufficient water to be moist inside—then put it in a bake pan, without any cover, and heat it very hot. If broken pieces of bread are put in the oven, five or six hours after baking, and rusked, they will keep good a long time. Sour, heavy bread, treated in this manner, will make very decent cakes and puddings, provided there is enough saleratus used in making them to correct the acidity of the bread. Rich cake, that has wine or brandy in it, will remain good in cold weather several months, if it is kept in a cool, dry place. The day in which it is to be eaten, put it in a cake pan, and set it in a pan that has half a pint of water in it—set on the bake pan cover, and let the cake bake till it is heated very hot. Let it get cold before cutting it.

—*American Housewife.*

PROFITABLE GARDEN.—We see it stated, in some of our exchanges, that the editor of the Maine Farmer, by judicious and skillful management, raises from a single acre of land sufficient produce to support his family, cows, several pigs, and a stock of poultry.—Of course this can be done only by a systematic course of treatment. His success, however, is no greater than that of one of our citizens. Mr. Charles A. Potter, who has a small garden attached to his residence which measures only 32 by 28 feet. This small strip of land was set out some ten or twelve years ago with quince bushes, pear and plum trees. The last year, Mr. P. gathered from his trees more than a bushel of plums, a good crop of pears, and sold *forty-five dollars* worth of quinces, and *fifty dollars* worth of young quince trees raised by turning under the limbs of the old bushes. Mr. Potter's treatment of the land is very simple and cheap.—The only manure he uses is salt mud, rotten leaves and urine. His success is wonderful, and if others desire the same they must take the same course to ensure it.—*Danvers Cour*

MISCELLANY.

From the National Era.

NEIGHBORS' PRESCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

"Ægrescit medendo."

It may not be considered polite "to talk to physicians of fevers," in stories, more than in drawing rooms; yet, if I so offend, pardon me, for the sake of a good motive, as the lady said when she killed her friend by advising the wrong physic. *Besides*, I "hold these truths to be self-evident"—that it would be a wanton waste of my own leisure, and an impertinent trespass upon my readers' time, to obtrude upon their notice a pure fiction, without object or aim—such being the prerogative only of those monarchs of fancy and imagination who have divided among themselves the empire of romance and poetry. (The reader will please consider inserted here the names of his or her favorite novelists or poets.) *Therefore*, I shall only "deferentially solicit," as the office seekers say, the company of my clement reader to a cup of tea and gossip about the errors and foibles of our neighbors, faithfully promising to exaggerate and embellish no more than is customary with other retailers of scandal. And the first thing we will talk about, dear reader, will be neighbors' well-meant but oft-times injudicious and fatal prescriptions for the sick. And it is a matter far too serious to be lightly treated; therefore, attention! I have known *many* cases in which neighbors,—prescriptions have retarded the convalescence of the sick; I have known *several* in which they have rendered recovery impossible. The first illustration in point, that occurs to me, is the case of a relative, a man in the prime of life, who was recovering from a severe attack of bilious pleurisy. He was so far convalescent as to require no farther aid from medicine or attention from a physician. He was able to sit up, but very weak. While in health, he had been a moderate drinker of wine and brandy. Now that he was suffering under the debility consequent upon a severe fit of illness, he fancied that he required his accustomed stimulant. A neighbor, tender-hearted to the extent of weakness, mixed and presented to him a glass of brandy toddy. From the moment in which he swallowed it, his fever rose, and he grew rapidly and alarmingly worse. The family physician was hastily summoned, and, upon his arrival at the bedside of his patient, he demanded to be informed what he had been taking. The conscience-stricken neighbor answered, in faltering tones, "Nothing in the world, Doctor, but a little drop of brandy toddy, which you know could not possibly hurt him—could it?"

"He will be stiff enough in three days," was the *literal* reply of the blunt old physician.

And *he was* "stiff enough in three days," and to the end of her long life, the kind-hearted but ill-judging neighbor reproached herself with having "killed poor Geo. G——."

Let me try to recall the circumstances of the next case.

Yes! I remember. There was poor B. He was a *good* youth—"one of the excellent of the earth"—his mother's heart—his father's right hand. While suffering under a slight indisposition, induced by a long pedestrian journey through the heat of an August sun, he was persuaded by a neighbor to try somebody's pills, an infallible remedy for all diseases—hydrophobia and whooping cough, croup and corns, mania and measles, erysipelas and everything. He bought a box, poor boy! and took the pills; but the more pills he took, the worse he grew—and the worse he grew, the more pills he took—until the box was empty, and himself past cure. The pills in his particular case acted as a potent poison, and killed him in two days. His medical attendant (called in when he was dying) said it, and his parents knew it.

I wish that Congress would leave quarrelling for a few minutes, and pass a little by-law, making it murder to kill with kindness, and felony to prescribe without a diploma. There would be some lives and medical reputation saved, perchance, though at the cost of depriving some worthy people of a favorite amusement.

It is rather hard that physicians not only have a downright, aboveboard, open enemy, in a *disease*, to encounter, but that in neighbors' prescriptions they have to contend with a secret foe, who works in the dark, whom they do not suspect, and cannot surprise—because, when the step of the Doctor is heard upon the stairs, the bottle or the bowl is always thrust under the bed or into the cupboard. These neighbors, while entertaining the kindest intentions, and making the most plausible professions, contrive by their prescriptions to counteract the Doctor's treatment, baffle his skill, and kill his patient—by giving a stimulant when he has ordered a sedative, an astringent when he has directed a cathartic, or an opiate if he has prescribed a febrifuge—and *vice versa*. And the physician comes and finds that a case, the successful treatment of which has cost him deep research, severe study, anxious thought, constant vigilance—a case in which not only his professional reputation is involved, but his social sympathy is enlisted, (for the family physician, though a constant attendant at the bed of suffering, is not case-hardened: he feels the imploring glance of his patient, who seems to think life depends upon the Doctor's skill; he sees the anxious looks of friends, who scarcely breathe while listening to his fiat)—a case which he has brought to a certain point of convalescence, suddenly wrested from his hands, and placed beyond his reach, not by the inveteracy of disease, not by the inefficiency of medicine, but by the intermeddling of some well-meaning but injudicious neighbor. In many such cases, the physician must be utterly at a loss to conjecture the cause of his patient's unexpected change for the worse; for, more than half the time, neighbors and friends are unconscious of having caused the mischief, or unwilling to acknowledge their agency in it—so that, notwithstanding the physician's cross examination, the truth is seldom elicited. I have often heard people say, in such cases—

"Lord bless you, we were afraid to let the Doctor know."

And so the Doctor, seeing this failure, may lose faith in his excellent mode of treatment, and in the next case change it for a worse one.

How rational people can trust to the prescriptions of neighbors whom they know to be as ignorant of medicine as themselves, I cannot tell; for if there be *any* truth in the jibe, that "physicians are men who put drugs, of which they know little, into stomachs of which they know less," it is very certain that most neighbors and visitors of the sick know nothing at all of either drugs or stomach, pharmacy or physiology.

But I must make an end of "oratory," and, skipping at least twenty good illustrations of my caption, come to the last and most affecting instance on the list; and I must introduce it story-fashion, too, lest it should not be read. *Imprimis.*

One fine summer morning, in a neat bed-chamber, the floor covered with straw matting, the windows shaded by white muslin curt——! *Miserabile!* Here I am in the midst of another description of another room. I beg the reader's pardon, with all my heart. The subject *is* trite; (so is everything else, bread and butter and sunshine included;) but a bad habit is so hard to shake off. It sticks to one with the fidelity of—of a bad habit. The reader will please to imagine, for himself or herself, the neatest, cleanest, coolest, pleasantest, little summer chamber that can be conceived, so that it comes within the means of a poor journeyman mechanic—for such a one was the father of the two delicate young girls who occupy the room. Upon a little French bedstead, covered with a white counterpane, reposed the fair, fragile form of Annie, the elder of the twin sisters. She was thin, even to emaciation, yet very beautiful as she slept. Her long black eyelashes rested upon a cheek white as marble, transparent as pearl; her long black hair, escaped from her cap, floated over the pillow. Her slender white arm was thrown above her head, across the black tresses. The other sister, Clara, was moving about the room silently, as though fearful of awakening the sleeper. This girl was the facsimile of her twin sister, except that she had a burning red color on her cheeks and lips, and an unnatural sparkle in her bright, very bright eyes. Her slender form was arrayed in a loose white wrapper. The sleeper stirred, murmured, opened her eyes, and said—

"Are you there, Clara?"

"Yes, love; what will you have, dear Annie?" inquired Clara, approaching the bed-side softly.

'Give me your hand, Clara. This dear little hand! how lovingly and patiently it has tended me, through this long, long illness. This poor little, thin hand"—said Annie, fondly playing with her sister's fingers—'But how hot it is, Clara; how very hot your hand is! You are feverish, sister; you have confined yourself too closely. Raise the window a little way to give me air, and then go and take a walk—won't you?'

Clara raised the window, and opened an opposite door, so that a current of air could pass through and ventilate the room, without blowing upon the sick girl. Annie drew a long deep breath, and smiled.

'That air is *so* pleasant! It breathes so sweet, and fresh—it gives me new life.'

Clara returned to the bed side, and said cheerfully—

'You are a great deal better this morning, dear Annie!'

'Yes! a great deal better—I slept so well—and have walked up so refreshed. My fever is off, my skin is moist, the heat and tightness have left my chest, and, above all, I can draw a dear, blessed, good, *deep* breath. Oh! Clara, you can't conceive what a blessing it is to be able to draw a free breath—you would have to be half suffocated for a month, as I have been, to realize it.'

'You have been a great sufferer, my poor dear Annie, but thank God—*thank God*—you are better now. And you *look* so much better too,' said Clara; suddenly checking the fervor of her feelings, lest it should agitate Annie.

"Now, then, Clara, go out, and take a walk, won't you? Indeed, I'm afraid you will make yourself ill, by such close confinement. Go now—there's a dear.'

'Presently, presently, Annie.'

'No—*now*. I'm going to make you go; or if you won't, I'll talk, and bring on a fever; or else, as the spoiled children say, 'I'll *cry*, and make myself ill;' said Annie, smiling.

'Oh! I am so glad to see you so merry, Annie.'

'Will you do as I bid you?'

'After a while—when we've seen Dr. Wood; his carriage is before the door.'

'And here he comes up the stairs,' said Annie, listening.

The family physician now entered the room. He was an elderly man, with a tall, thin figure, blue-grey hair, and red face. He walked up to the bed side of his patient, laid his hand upon her forehead, held her wrist, and remarked, cheeringly—

'You are very much improved this morning, my child.'

'Oh, yes! Dr. Wood, that last medicine did me a great deal of good. I slept sweetly last night, and I have waked up this morning—*so* hungry. What can I have to eat?'

'Still thinking of her stomach! Clara! Tell John Brown, I say, he had better go into the eating line. Set up a refectory or something. Annie 'll be an excellent help mate in such a concern; she'll be able to cater for other people's palates by the test of her own.'

Clara laughed merrily; but Annie pretended not to hear, and reiterated her complaint and question.

'I want something to eat, Doctor! What *can* I have to eat?'

'Why, you *can* have roast beef and plum pudding, but sha'n't.'

'Pshaw! Can I have a cup of coffee, and an egg, and some toast?'

'Yes,' said the Doctor, complainingly, 'you can have a cup of——rice water, and a soda cracker'——

'Oh, Doctor!' groaned Annie, making a face.

'Or some good——water-gruel.'

Annie turned her head away in disgust.

'Or else some excellent——barley-water.'

Annie exhibited strong symptoms of hydrophobia.

'Oh, Doctor!' exclaimed she, 'can you give me nothing but a choice among the different preparations of——*water*? Can't I have a little chicken soup?'

'Not for a day or two to come, my child.'

The Doctor then assured his patient that she was getting well fast; and that by Sunday she should have something savory for dinner, and took his leave.

'Clara! do you hear? The Doctor says I shall have something good to eat Sunday, and that is day after to-morrow. And it shall be fried chicken—no!—it shall be stewed oysters. Clara! do you hear? Tell father the Doctor says I am to have some stewed oysters by day after to-morrow—do you hear now?'

'Yes, yes, darling, I hear; I will tell father.'

But Clara did not think that the Doctor had particularly recommended, nor did she believe that he would particularly approve, the dish selected. However, unwilling to vex her beloved invalid, she refrained from opposing her now, and followed the Doctor out of the room.

'Clara! come back here?'

'Well, darling?' said Clara, returning.

'Come close—ask the Doctor, when you go down stairs, if he thinks my lungs are affected—ask him *confidentially*, you know, and then come up and tell me the truth—will you?'

Clara left the room, and soon returned with a very cheerful countenance.

'Did you ask the Doctor, Clara?'

'Yes, dear Annie; and he assures me that you are not at all consumptive, at present, and will never be so, if you take care of yourself. He says that you have been suffering from an attack of neu—neu—I forget—but, any way, *not* consumption.'

Annie smiled.

'That is a great deal off my mind, dear Clara; I have such a dread of pulmonary consumption; I was so much afraid I had contracted it, and, indeed, I did'nt want to die yet.'

'And make poor John Brown a widower, before he becomes a husband—to be sure not; but there's no danger these fifty years to come, thanks to our good Doctor.'

'Yes; thanks to our good Doctor, for he is good, Clara; and I feel such a glow of gratitude to him, when I think of all his kindness—his attending poor mother for two years before she died, and his 'tending me so constantly through this tedious illness'——

'Yes, indeed. And father asked him for his bill last week, and what do you think he said? Why. You don't owe me anything, Mr. Gray.'

'And he with such a large family, too!'

'Yes; he is a poor man himself. But he is like all others of his profession. They do more good, and get less thanks, than any other set of men whatever; they jump up at all hours of the day or night, and in all weathers, to wait upon all sorts of people, rich or poor, paid or not paid—thanked or abused, it is all the same—and they get no credit; it seems to be expected of them, and they doit. I have known a Doctor to jump up in the middle of the night, in a severe snow storm, to visit a poor man with the Rheumatism, from whom it would have been folly to have expected pay; and the man, too, seemed to think it quite a matter of course; and I don't believe he ever even said, 'Thank you, Doctor."

'Oh, well! he thanked him in his heart, Clara, at least, if he feels like me, he did. I, for one, say, God bless the medical faculty in general, and our own dear old Doctor in particular. Oh! Clara, you don't know how grateful one feels towards the person who has conjured away all our bad feelings, and restored us to comfort and enjoyment. And he has raised me almost from the grave. Oh! I love the good Doctor so much. And when he laid his hand upon my forehead, just now, I wanted to take the dear, kind hand and press it to my lips and to my bosom; but that would have been very shocking, I suppose?'

'Very;' said Clara, laughing.

'I'm in earnest, though,' said the sick girl, as the tears swam in her eyes, 'for I love the good Doctor more than either of my uncles, and next to my father, for he has 'tended me long and patiently, and saved my life; and I like life, Clara, and I don't like to die. He has taken away all my bad feelings, and restored me to enjoyment—all 'without money and without price'—and so I love the Doctor, and I shall *always* love him; and the next time he comes to see me, I am going to kiss him, and tell him so, to ease my heart; and you see if I don't; for,' added the child petulantly, 'I'm sick, and sick people must have their own way.'

'To be sure, my pet, so you shall—kiss the Doctor, or the Doctor's dog, or anybody else you please, and as much as you please'——

'Hush; Is not that father singing?' asked Annie.

'Yes, dear; he has been singing at his work all the morning; sawing wood, and singing; pumping water, and singing, making a fire, and singing'——

'Oh! I know,' murmured Annie, as an expression of ineffable tenderness came into her face, 'dear father! he's singing because I am out of danger.'

'Yes; he is so glad. He says, although the Doctor wont give him his bill, as soon as he gets his month's pay he will send him a twenty-dollar bill.'

'Poor father! he would 'draw a spirit from his breast, and give it' for my sake.'

'Hush! here comes Mrs. Brown.'

A fat, cozy, grandmotherly looking matron now entered the room, sat down in the rocking chair, sighed, and inquired, in a sad tone—

'How do you feel this morning, dear?'

'Very much better, I thank you, Mrs. Brown. Clara, love, go down now, and give father his breakfast; it must be near time for him to go to work; and get your own, Clara; you must be faint, you've been up so long. Mrs. Brown will remain with me until you return. Can't you Mrs. Brown?'

'Yes, yes; to be sure;' said the old lady. 'Go, Clara, I'll stay with Annie.'

Clara left the room.

'There, honey, see what I have brought you; a nice bowl of panado, with port wine in it.'

'I am very much obliged to you indeed, Mrs. Brown, but the Doctor says I must-n't take anything stimulating.'

'Fiddlestick! You must n't mind all the Doctor says. This is very nourishing; it will strengthen you. Here, taste, and see how good it is.'

'It *smells* very nice,' said Annie, looking longingly at the bowl.

'Taste it. Don't be afraid of it. It is very simple.'

'It looks very good,' said Annie, toying with the spoon, but I'd rather not eat anything against the Doctor's orders.'

'Oh, the Docter! You must think the Doctor is omnipotent, but I don't. Here, let me raise you up. Don't be afraid, and never mind what the Doctor says. Do you think I would give you anything to hurt you? No, I would not, for poor John's sake.'

The old lady propped Annie up with pillows, and set the bowl before her. Annie took the spoon, turned about the panado, and placed a morsel to her lips, in a cautious and gingerly manner.

'There! Ain't that good? Poor John went all over town to get that port wine genuine.'

'Did John get it?' asked Annie, raising her eyebrows in an inquiring manner, and poising the spoon half way between the bowl and her lips.

'Yes, he did; went to a dozen places before he could get the real stuff. There, honey, eat it *all* up.'

And with renewed confidence, as if nothing hurtful could come through her lover's hands, Annie did 'eat it all up.'

Annie had scarcely finished her meal, when the hectic spot appeared upon her cheek, her lips grew bright, and her eyes blazed up with the fearful light of fever.

'There, now!' exclaimed the old lady, as she received the bowl from Annie, 'don't you feel better? I told you so! You look like another person. You've got some color now. Oh! If I had you, I'd get you up in no time. Dear me! here are all the windows up; this will never do. It will give you your death of cold!' and the grandmotherly old lady let them all down, and shut the door. The morning was very sultry, and the room soon became very warm.

'Dear Mrs. Brown, this is very suffocating; please raise the windows again. The Doctor says there must be a free circulation of fresh air in the room.'

'My dear child, I shall do no such thing. It might be the death of you. You must n't put so much dependence in what the Doctor says. Sure, if he is such a knowing man, it is a wonder he loses so many patients.'

It is a wonder he did not lose *all*, when Mrs. Brown, who was a regular visitor of the sick, followed, like fate, in his footsteps.

'There, my dear, I hear them coming up stairs, I must be going. I have got to call and see Mrs. Piper's baby, it's got the summer complaint.'

'You are very good to the sick, dear Mrs. Brown.'

"It's no more than my duty, Annie," said the old lady, with solemn self-complacency.—"Good by, honey; make haste and get well, and be my daughter, you know. John's house is nearly finished. I believe I hear John's voice now, down stairs."

Mr. Gray now entered the room, to bid Annie good bye, before going to his work.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown? Won't you sit?" said he to the old lady.

"Ah! good morning Mr. Gray. No, I thank you, I was just going; good day." And the old lady went down stairs.

"You are looking very well this morning, my pretty Annie," said Gray.

"I am *almost* well, dear father."

"What is that I must get for you by Sunday, darling?"

"Oh! father! yes, some oysters, some nice Nanticoke oysters, to stew by Sunday. The Doctor says I am to have something nice on Sunday; and so I want oysters."

"Very well, my dear Annie, father will get them," said he, stroking her hair.

"Is John Brown down stairs, father?"

"Yes, darling, waiting to come up. Are you well enough to see him?"

"Oh! yes, dear father, let him come."

"Well, then, my sweet Annie, I must bid you good bye for the present. I'll send him up; and see here, Annie," lowering his voice, "get well, and then—won't we have a fine wedding?" Annie reddened. The father was going out—she recalled him.

"See here, father; make Clara take a walk, will you? She is too much confined."

"Very well. I'll attend to it. Good bye, darling."

"Good bye, dear father. Don't work too hard," said Annie, as she put her arms around his neck, and received his parting kiss.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

REFORM IN TRADE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The year draws rapidly to a close; its Commercial transactions on a large scale, are ended: Merchants are settling up their books, taking account of stock, and just beginning to prepare or to plan for the coming season. It is just the time to rectify mistakes and to adopt improvements, and we trust the following crude suggestions though by no means novel, will be pondered by many.

We have too many Mercantile establishments—every body is aware of that. That is to say, business of exchanging the products of industry could be well performed by less than half the number now employed in it: thereby securing cheaper exchanges to the producer with a more ample or reliable reward to the exchanger.

To illustrate this, we may roughly estimate the average sales of a Dry Goods Jobbing house in this city at $200,000 per annum, at a medium advance upon the cost of ten per cent. Out of this must be paid rent, clerkhire, Insurance, the support of a family, and *losses by bad Debts*—the latter item probably averaging $10,000 per annum, or five per cent, on the gross amount of sales. Of course, we do not say there has been five per cent lost on the collections of this year; but we do say, with a perfect assurance of its accuracy, that on all the goods sold on credit from our city within the last ten, twenty, thirty or forty years, the loss cannot be less. The general result is that *bad Debts* work the downfall of two-thirds of all who embark in business, while extravagant expenditures, tempted by the *apparent* rapidity and facility of money-making (counting the advance in price on Goods sold but not yet paid for as Profit,) ruin a large portion of the residue, so that of every hundred who embark in Trade with sanguine hopes of achieving a competency if not a fortune, ninety-nine come out bankrupt, and not more than five ever find themselves able to retire upon an independence.

The system cannot go on. It is already undermined and tottering to its fall. The next Revulsion will very probably sweep away the wreck of it. But if not, the naked fact that under the system of general credit for goods, the country is always in debt and paying interest to the city, and the good, prompt paymasters are laid under contribution to defray the prices of goods consumed by the large class who pay at the end of a law suit or not at all, is gradually working a revolution. So fast as those who pay promptly and certainly come to understand the matter, they will back out of so unequal a partnership, leaving the credit business to bad payers alone, and that will soon wind it up.

Not many years can elapse before the large commercial dealings of the country will concentrate in the hands of one-tenth the present number of Jobbers, in proportion to the amount of transactions, and the general features of the business will be there.

Instead of selling $200,000 worth of goods on credit at ten per cent, advance, a Jobbing House will sell $2,000,000 worth at 1 to 3 per cent. advance for goods unaffected by time or fashion, and 0 to 5 per cent. on fancy fabrics, averaging 2 per cent, advance or $40,000 on the year's business, out of which rents, clerkhire, &c. are to be deducted, leaving a fair living profit to the trader. His expenses for Ledgers, "Shaves," Book-keeping, Dunning Expeditions &c., will be comparatively much less than now, as he is turning it once a month instead of once a year.

The means by which this great and beneficent change is to be effected are various, but chief among them is ADVERTISING—not in *two or three* papers, nor even in *all those of the city* where the business is done, but in the most widely circulated Journals of the whole region whence custom is desired. Nothing has yet been done in the way of Advertising compared with what can and inevitably will be. No merchant who knows how to advertise (for money may be thrown away in this as in anything else) ever need sell less than he chooses—always provided that his fabrics are desirable, of good quality, and sold as cheaply as others will afford them. There is no assignable limit to the application of this principle.—Here is a merchant whose very existence is known to fifty thousand people at most, and he sells just enough to live by; suppose he could make his business as well known to a million persons, why should he not sell something near fifty times as much as he now does? And then, if he could introduce himself to the whole 20,000,000 composing our people, why not have a corresponding increase of business? Of course, we appreciate the limitations of this principle—that it is idle and a waste for any seller to advertise his wares in a section which can more advantageously produce such wares for itself or obtain them from some other quarter; this should teach discrimination and circumspection in Advertising; but the Annual imports argue that the goods consumed by Ten Millions of people are purchased in this city; and no merchant has advertised thoroughly until he has made himself known to those who purchase here for the consumption of these Ten Millions. Every new cash customer secured, increases his ability to buy in large quantities and sell at lower rates; so that ultimately he might afford to sell cheaper than he can buy at present. And the merchant who has a reasonable amount of capital and his business in a good shape, can far better afford to advertise to the amount of $10,000 a year than any less sum. He cannot throw away money in this way, as he can in buying a new stock or in selling on credit. "There is no friendship in trade;" and the buyer will trade with a stranger in preference to his own brother, if he can thus obtain a supply one per cent cheaper.

It may be said that we are interested in this matter—and so we are; though we generally have more advertisements than we can publish and hope to profit by them. But we are concerned to see business conducted on sound and economical principles, so that consumers and producers shall be brought together on the most advantageous terms; and this is to be effected by such a concentration of trade as only Universal Advertising can secure.—Those who take hold of this mighty engine at an early day and wield it with judgment and decision will make vast fortunes; while those who neglect it will see their business *dwindle away and perish.*

From the London Spectator.

IRELAND AND THE BRITISH CHIEF GOVERNOR.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

The Easter recess having ended, and the Parliament happily got together again, Lord John Russell comes forward with his remedial measures for Ireland. A most proper duty, surely. He has put down pike-rioting, open and advised incendiary eloquence, and signified to Ireland that her wrongs are not to be redressed by street-barricades just at present; an act for which all sane men, Irish and English, applaud him. But this act done, the question rises, more naked and irrepressible than ever:—By what means, then, are Irish wrongs to be redressed? Fifty thousand armed soldiers,—in red coats or in green, there are said to be about so many,—here is prohibition of repeal treason, but here is no cure of the disease which produces repeal treason, and other madnesses and treasons among us. Here is still no indication how the Irish population is to begin endeavoring to live on just terms with one another and with us,—or, alas, even how it is to continue living at all.

Of a truth, remedial measures are very needful; for Ireland's sake and indeed for Britain's, which is indissolubly chained to her and is drifting along with her and by reason of her, close in the rear of her, toward unspeakable destinies otherwise. Our copartnery being indissoluble, and the "Warner operation" lately spoken of impossible, it is to ourselves also of the last importance that the depths of Irish wretchedness be actually rounded; that we get to the real bottom of that unspeakable cloaca, and endeavor by Heaven's blessing, with all the strength that is in us, to commence operations upon it. Purified that hideous mass must be or we ourselves cannot live! More stringent than O'Connell eloquence or O'Brian pike manufacture, the law of nature itself makes us now, in every fibre, participant of Ireland's wretchedness. Steam passage from Ireland is occasionally as low as fourpence a head. Not a wandering Irish lackall that comes over to us, to parade his rags and hunger, and sin and misery, but comes in all senses as an irrepressible missionary of the like to our own people; an inarticulate prophet of God's justice to nations; heralding to us also a doom like his own.

Of our miseries and fearful entanglements here in Britain, he, that Irish lackall, is by far the heaviest; and we cannot shake him off.—No, we have deserved him; by our incompetence and unveracity—by our cowardly, false, and altogether criminal neglect of Ireland—by our government of make-believe and not of truth and reality, so long continued there, we have deserved him, and suddenly, by the aid of steam and modern progress of the sciences, we have got him.—The irrepressible missionary and God's messenger to us, I say, is this one, he! A strange sight, and one that gives rise to thoughts—"the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." He comes to us to revenge his country; and he does revenge it. The mad cry of repeal you can put down,—change into another as mad, or less, or still more mad; but him you cannot put down.

For Britain's sake itself, if Britain is to continue habitable much longer, Ireland must actually attain remedial measures, and of a kind we have not been much used to, for two centuries back, in this country. We have been a little idle, in respect of Irish remedial measures, for two centuries back! In fact, ever since Oliver Cromwell's time, we have done little but grimace and make-believe, and sham a kind of governing there—attaching ourselves to any entity or sham that would help us a long from year to year—imagining (miserable criminals that we have been!) that falsities and injustices, well varnished, would do instead of facts and continuous performance according to the eternal laws—as if not a God had made Ireland and us, but a Devil, who could quote Scripture on occasion! And now it has all come down upon us, and we welter among it, on the edge of huge perils: and we must alter it or prepare to perish. Surely if ever for any country in the world, remedial measures are needed for Ireland now!

The remedial measures propounded, or to be propounded by the British chief governor, in this crisis, are—what does the reader think?—*First*, a bill for improved registration of Irish county voters; *secondly*, a bill for improved ditto in Irish municipalities! and—and nothing else at all for the present; these for the present are the remedial measures contemplated by the British chief governor, on behalf of Ireland.

How it may pass in Parliament, this first attempt at the discharge of governor's duty and debt toward subjects dying for want of governing, we do not know, but certainly out of Parliament, the attempt does seem almost surprising. Rather a lean instalment, you would say, of the big debt due; probably among the leanest instalments toward so enormous a liquidation ever offered by any son of Adam!—Extension of the electoral suffrage—good Heavens, what will that do for a country which labors under the frightfullest immediate want of potatoes? Potatoes, possibility of work that will procure potatoes, or a substitute for that sad root, and enable the electors to sustain themselves alive; there lies the awful prime necessity for Ireland just now.—Toward that goal first of all, and not as yet toward any other, does Ireland, from the depth of its being, struggle and endeavor. Extension of the suffrage? Could the chief governor, in his beneficence, extend the suffrage through municipalities and counties, through villages and parishes, so that not only all the men of Ireland but all the women and children, and even all the oxen and asses and dogs of Ireland, should be asked their vote, and taught to give it with the exactest authenticity, and the last finish of constitutional perfection,—of what avail would all that be? Not that course, I should say, leads toward work and potatoes; but rather it leads directly away from it. Not by extending the electoral or other suffrage, but by curtailing it (were the good method once found,) could a consitutional benefit be done, there or here! Not who votes but who or what is voted for, what is decided on; that is the important question! Constitutional men are by no means aware of it yet; but the real truth, in a private way, is that no fool's vote, no knave's, no liar's, no gluttonous, greedy-minded, cowardly person's (rich or poor,) in a word, no slave's vote, is other than a nuisance, and even the chief of nuisances in its kind, be given any where, when, or in what manner it